HANOVER, February 9, 1804.

LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an Engliſh philoſopher, whoſe works have ſince been read and admired by all Europe, reſided at a little town in France. Some diſappointments in his native country had firſt driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in his retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect ſeclusion and retirement, highly favorable to the developement of abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the ſtructure of ſuch a mind, the finer and more delicate ſenſibilities are ſeldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great meaſure extinguiſhed by the exertions of intenſe ſtudy and profound inveſtigation.

Hence the idea that philoſophy and unfeelingneſs are united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often uſed to expreſs the latter. Our philoſopher has been cenſured by ſome, as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildneſs of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that if he was not eaſily melted into compaſſion, it was, at leaſt, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to ſome diſtant country, and that the father had been ſuddenly ſeized in the night with a dangerous diſorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal.

That ſhe had been ſent for, as having ſome knowledge of medicine, the village ſurgeon being then abſent, and that it was truly piteous to ſee the good old man, who ſeemed not ſo much affected by his own diſtreſs, as by that which it cauſed to his daughter.

Her maſter laid aſide the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inſpired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governante to the ſick man's apartment. It was the beſt in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one, notwithſtanding. Our philoſopher was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joiſts not plaiſtered, and hung with cobwebs.

On a flock-bed at one end, lay the old man whom he came to viſit; at the foot of it ſat his daughter. She was dreſſed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung looſely over it as ſhe bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The philoſopher and his houſe-keeper had ſtood ſome moments in the room, without the young lady's being ſenſible of their entering it.

Mademoiſelle! ſaid the old woman at laſt, in a ſoft tone. She turned, and ſhowed one of the fineſt faces in the world. It was touched, not ſpoiled, with ſorrow; and when ſhe perceived a ſtranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a bluſh at firſt, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeneſs, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguiſh, croſſed it for a moment, and changed its expreſſion. It was ſweetneſs all, however, and our philoſopher felt it ſtrongly.

It was not time for words; he offered his ſervice in a few ſincere ones. "Monſieur lies miſerably ill here," ſaid the governante; "if he could poſſibly be moved any where." "If he could be moved to our houſe," ſaid her maſter. He had a ſpare bed for a friend, and there was a great room, unoccupied, next to the governante's, and it was contrived accordingly.

The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples though he could not ſpeak them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapt in blankets and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the Engliſh gentleman's. The old woman helped the daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a proteſtant, and clergyman of Switzerland, called *La Roche*, widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed; and was now returning home after an ineffectual journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity; I mean that aſperity which men, who are called devout, ſometimes indulge. The philoſopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery; for ſhe too was a heretic in the phraſe of the village.

The philoſopher walked out with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings. "My maſter," ſaid the old woman, "alas! he is not a Chriſtian, but he is the beſt of unbelievers." Not a Chriſtian! exclaimed Mademoiſelle *La Roche*—"yet he ſaved my father! Heaven bleſs him for it; I would he were a Chriſtian."

"There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, "which often blinds men to the ſublime truths of revelation; hence there are oppoſers of Chriſtianity among men of virtuous lives, as well as among thoſe of diſſipated and licentious characters. Nay, ſometimes I have known the latter more eaſily converted to the true faith than the former, becauſe the ſume of paſſion is more eaſily diſſipated than the miſt of falſe theory and deluſive ſpeculation." "But this philoſopher," ſaid his daughter, "alas! my father, he ſhall be a Chriſtian before he dies."

She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindneſs—ſhe drew it away from him in ſilence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," ſaid the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I ſhould not wiſh," continued the old man, heſitatingly, "to think otherwiſe; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I ſhould barely be ſatisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good.

Alas! I may live to wiſh I had died! that you had left me to die, Sir, inſtead of kindly relieving me, (claſping the philoſopher's hand) but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different ſentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleaſure; and regards every breach of it, not with diſapprobation, but with horror."

"You ſay right, my dear Sir," replied the philoſopher; "but you are not yet reeſtabliſhed enough to talk much—you muſt take care of your health, and neither ſtudy nor preach for ſome time. I have been thinking over a ſcheme that ſtruck me to day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I was never in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your firſt phyſician, I hold myſelf reſponſible for your cure."

La Roche's eyes gliſtened at the propoſal; his daughter was called and told of it. She was equally pleaſed with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the leſs for his infidelity; at leaſt that circumſtance mixed a ſort of

pity with their regard for him—their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings—hatred never dwelt with them.

They travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The parties had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wiſe man.

His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that ſelf-importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy and religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe. When his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhow of dogmatiſm.—On his part, he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileleſs manners of the earlieſt times, with the culture and accompliſhments of the moſt refined ones. Every better feeling warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of Mademoiſelle La Roche, and ſometimes envied her father the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was ſituated in one of thoſe vallies in the Canton of Berne, where nature ſeems to repoſe in quiet, and has incloſed her retreat with mountains inacceſſible. A ſtream that ſpent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the houſe, and a broken water-fall was ſeen through the woods that covered its ſides. Below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in the front of a village, at the end of which appeared the ſpire of La Roche's church, riſing above a clump of beeches. The philoſopher enjoyed the beauty of the ſcene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and a parent they had loſt. The old man's ſorrow was ſilent; his daughter ſobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kiſſed it twice, preſſed it to his boſom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was juſt about to drop from each, began to point out to his gueſt ſome of the moſt ſtriking objects which the proſpect afforded. The philoſopher interpreted all this; and he could but ſlightly cenſure the creed from which it aroſe.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's pariſhioners, who had heard of his return, came to the houſe to ſee and welcome him. The honeſt folks were awkward, but ſincere, in their profeſſions of friendſhip. They made ſome attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleaſed God," ſaid he; and they ſaw he had ſettled the matter with himſelf. Philoſophy could not have done ſo much with a thouſand words.

It was now evening, and the good peaſants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to ſtrike ſeven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who came to welcome their paſtor, turned their looks towards him at the ſound; he explained their meaning to his gueſt. "That is the ſignal," ſaid he, "for our evening exerciſe. This is one of the nights of the week in which ſome of my pariſhioners are wont to join in it; a little ruſtic ſaloon ſerves for the chapel of our family, and ſuch of the good people as are with us; if you chooſe rather to walk out, I will furniſh you with an attendant; or here are a few old books which may afford you ſome entertainment within."—"By no means," anſwered the philoſopher; "I will attend Mademoiſelle at her devotions." "She is our organiſt," ſaid La Roche; "our neighborhood is the country of muſical mechaniſm, and I have a ſmall organ, fitted up for the purpoſe of aſſiſting our ſinging." "It is an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end ſtood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aſide, and, placing herſelf on a ſeat within, and drawing the curtain cloſe, ſo as to ſave her the awkwardneſs of an exhibition, began a voluntary, ſolemn and beautiful in the higheſt degree. The philoſopher was no muſician, but he was not altogether inſenſible to muſic. This faſtened on his mind more ſtrongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The ſolemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which, ſuch of the audience as could ſing, immediately joined. The words were moſtly taken from holy writ; it ſpoke the praiſes of God, and his care of good men. Something was ſaid of the death of the juſt; of ſuch as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand leſs firm—it pauſed—it ceaſed—and the ſobbing of Mademoiſelle was heard in its ſtead. Her father gave a ſign for ſtopping the pſalmody, and roſe to prayer. He was diſcompoſed at firſt, and his voice faultered as he ſpoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcome his embarraſſment. He addreſſed a Being whom he loved, and he ſpoke for thoſe he loved. His pariſhioners caught the ardor of the good old man; even the philoſopher felt himſelf moved, and forgat, for a moment, to think why he ſhould not.

(Remainder in next No.)

LETTER BY ANDRE.

The following letter, penned by the unfortunate ANDRE, we think, will be unacceptable to none of our readers. We are led to admire his genius and ſenſibility, and to deprecate that regulation of ſociety, which, although it may be neceſſary and important, ſhould deprive the world of ſo intelligent a being, and his companions of ſo valuable a friend.

"*London, October* 19, 1769.

"FROM the midſt of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowſy head awhile to converſe with dear Julia.—And firſt, as I know ſhe has a fervent wiſh to ſee me a quill-driver, I muſt tell her, that I begin, as people are wont to do, to look upon my future profeſſion with great partiality. I no longer ſee it in ſo diſadvantageous a light. Inſtead of figuring a merchant as a middle-aged man, with a bob wig, a rough beard, in ſnuff-coloured cloaths, graſping a guinea in his red hand; I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceneſs of the Duke of Marlborough brandiſhing a truncheon upon a ſign-poſt, ſurrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopiæ that diſemboque their ſtores upon his head: Mercuries reclined upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens, ink, and paper;—while, in perſpective, his gorgeous veſſels "launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames," are waiting to diſtant lands the produce of this commercial nation—Thus all the mercantile glories crowd on my fancy, emblazoned in the moſt refulgent colouring of an ardent imagination——Borne on her ſoaring pinions I wing my flight to the time when Heaven ſhall have crowned my labours with ſucceſs and opulence. I ſee ſumptuous palaces riſing to receive me—I ſee orphans, and widows, and painters, and fiddlers, and poets, and builders protected and encouraged; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finiſhed by my ſhattered pericranium, I caſt my eyes around, and find John Andre, by a ſmall coal fire, in a gloomy compting-houſe in Warnford Court, nothing ſo little as what he has been making himſelf, and in all probability never to be much more than he is at preſent.——But oh! my dear Honora!—it is for thy ſake only I wiſh for wealth. You ſay ſhe was ſomewhat better at the time you wrote laſt. I muſt flatter myſelf that ſhe will ſoon be without any remains of this threatening diſeaſe.

"It is ſeven o'clock—You and Honora, with two or three more ſelect friends, are now probably encircling your dreſſing-room fire-place.—What would I give to enlarge that circle! The idea of a clean hearth, and a ſnug circle round it, formed by a few ſincere friends, tranſports me. You ſeem combined together againſt the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, buſtle, ceremony, cenſoriouſneſs, and envy of the world. The purity, the warmth, the kindly influence of fire, to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendſhip of ſuch amiable minds as Julia's and her Honora's.—Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you; admit me to your *converſationes*: Think how I wiſh for the bleſſing of joining them!—and be perſuaded that I take part in all your pleaſures, in the dear hope, that e'er it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place; let the poker, tongs, or ſhovel repreſent me: But you have Dutch tiles, which are infinitely better: So let Moſes, or Aaron, or Balaam's Aſs be my repreſentative.

"But time calls me to Clapton. I quit you abruptly till tomorrow; when, if I do not tear the nonſenſe I have been writing, I may perhaps increaſe its quantity. Signora Cynthea is in clouded majeſty. Silver'd with her beams I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own ſtumps;—Muſing as I homeward plod my way—Ah! need I name the ſubject of my contemplations!

Thurſday.

"I had a ſweet walk home laſt night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair gueſt, a Miſs Mourgue, very well—My Siſters ſend their amities and will write in a few days.

"This morning I returned to town—— It has been the fineſt day imaginable—A ſolemn mildneſs was diffuſed throughout the blue horizon: Its light was clear and diſtinct rather than dazzling; the ſerene beams of the autumnal ſun! Gilded hills, variegated woods, glittering ſpires, ruminating herds, bounding flocks, all combined to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and "chace all ſorrow but deſpair"—In the midſt of ſuch a ſcene, no leſſer grief can prevent our ſympathy with nature—A calmneſs, a benevolent diſpoſition ſeizes us with ſweet inſinuating power. The very brute creation ſeem ſenſible of theſe beauties: There is a ſpecies of mild cheerfulneſs in the face of a Lamb, which I have but indifferently expreſſed in a corner of my paper, and a demure contented look in an Ox, which, in the fear of expreſſing ſtill worſe, I leave unattempted.

"Buſineſs calls me away—I muſt diſpatch my letter—Yet what does it contain? No matter—You like any thing better than news. Indeed you never told me ſo, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the ſubject, from the ſympathy which I have conſtantly perceived in the taſte of Julia and Cher Jean. What is it to you or me,

If here in the City we have nothing but riot,
If the Spital-field Weavers can't be kept quiet,
If the weather is fine, or the ſtreets ſhould be dirty,
Or if Mr. Dick Wilſon died aged of thirty?

——But if I was to hearken to the verſifying grumbling I feel within me, I ſhould fill my paper, and not have room to intreat that you would plead my cauſe to Honora more eloquently than the incloſed letter has the power of doing. Apropos of verſes, you deſire me to recollect my random deſcription of the engaging appearance of the charming Mrs.——. Here it is at your ſervice——

Then ruſtling and buſtling the Lady comes down,
With a flaming red face, & a broad yellow gown,
And a hobbling out-of-breath gait, and a frown.

"This little French couſin of ours, Delariſe, was my ſiſter Mary's play-fellow at Paris. His ſprightlineſs engages my ſiſters extremely. Doubtleſs they talk much of him to you in their letters.

"How ſorry I am to bid you adieu! Oh let me not be forgot by the friends moſt dear to you at Lichfield!—*Lichfield!* Ah! of what magic letters is that little word compos'd!—How graceful it looks when it is written!—Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning—"The field of blood!" Oh! no ſuch thing!—It is the field of joy! "The beautiful City, that liſts her fair head in the valley, and ſays, I *am*, and there is none beſide me!"—Who ſays ſhe is vain?—Julia will not ſay ſo—nor yet Honora—and leaſt of all their devoted J. ANDRE.

The inimitable manner and peculiar excellence of the works of Mrs. Radcliffe we leave to be eulogized by talents like thoſe of Mr. Dennie, emphatically ſtiled the American Addiſon.—We here preſent a ſample of her ingenuity, which ranks her among the firſt of thoſe who have obtained applauſe by exquiſite delineation.

'IN the cool of the evening the party embarked in Montoni's gondola, and rowed out upon the ſea. The red glow of ſun-ſet ſtill touched the waves, and lingered in the weſt, where the melancholy gleam ſeemed ſlowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper æther began to twinkle with ſtars. Emily ſat, given up to penſive and ſweet emotions. The ſmoothneſs of water, over which ſhe glided, its reflected images—a new heaven and trembling ſtars below the waves, with ſhadowy outlines of towers and porticos, conſpired with the ſtillneſs of the hour, interrupted only by the paſſing wave, or the notes of diſtant muſic, to raiſe thoſe emotions to enthuſiaſm. As ſhe liſtened to the meaſured ſound of the oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her ſoftened mind returned to the memory of St. Aubert and to Valancourt, and tears ſtole to her eyes. The rays of the moon, ſtrengthening as the ſhadow deepened, ſoon after threw a ſilver gleam upon her countenance, which was partly ſhaded by a thin black veil, and touched it with inimitable ſoftneſs. Hers was the *contour* of a Madona, with the ſenſibility of a Magdalen; and the penſive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her cheek, confirmed the expreſſion of the character.

'The laſt ſtrain of diſtant muſic now died in air, for the gondola was far upon the waves, and the party determined to have muſic of their own. The Count Morano, who ſat next to Emily, and who had been obſerving her for ſome time in ſilence, ſnatched up a lute, and ſtruck the chords with the finger of harmony herſelf, while his voice, a fine tenor, accompanied them in a rondeau full of tender ſadneſs. To him, indeed, might have been applied that beautiful exhortation of an Engliſh poet, had it then exiſted:

——"Strike up, my maſter,
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs!
Teach ſounds to ſpeak through the night's dull ear
Till Melancholy ſtarts from off her couch,
And Careleſſneſs grows concert to attention!"

With ſuch powers of expreſſion the Count ſang the following

RONDEAU.

'Soft as yon ſilver ray, that ſleeps
Upon the ocean's trembling tide;
Soft as the air, that lightly ſweeps
Yon ſail, that ſwells in ſtately pride:

'Soft as the ſurge's ſtealing note,
That dies along the diſtant ſhores,
Or warbled ſtrain, that ſinks remote—
So ſoft the ſigh my boſom pours!

'True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,
True as the veſſel to the breeze,
True as the ſoul to muſic's ſway,
Or muſic to Venetian ſeas:

'Soft as yon ſilver beams that ſleep
Upon the ocean's trembling breaſt;
So ſoft, ſo true, fond Love ſhall weep,
So ſoft, ſo true, with *thee* ſhall reſt.'

SENSIBILITY.

'Celeſtial ſpring! to Nature's favorites given,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heaven:
From the pure cryſtal of thy fountain flow,
The tears that trickle at another's woe;
The ſilent drop that calms our own diſtreſs;
The guſh of rapture at a friend's ſucceſs;
Thine the ſoft ſhow'rs down Beauty's breaſt that ſteal,
To ſoothe the heart-wounds they can never heal;
Thine too the tears of extaſy that roll,
When Genius whiſpers to the liſtening ſoul;
And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye,
When warm Religion lifts the thought on high!'

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RURAL AMUSEMENT.

'*THEN ſported they together, from the world*
Long time remote, where you enormous downs
Shoulder the eaſtern moon. The mountain's ſide
They ſcal'd together, on his airy brow
Together loiter'd, and together bowl'd
The bounding flint into the vale below.
Together ſtood they trembling on the cliff
To view the wide unlimited expanſe
Of ocean green beneath, what time the ſtorm
His azure realm had troubled, and at large
The tempeſt-loving porpoiſe thro' his waves
Flounder'd unheeding. On the pebbly beach
With painful ſtep they travell'd ſide by ſide,
Shrunk at the thund'ring downfall of the ſurge,
And chas'd the flying ſcam!'

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CHARIOT OF VENUS.

'Of ivory was the car, inlaid
With every ſhell of lively ſhade;
The throne was burniſh'd gold:
The footſtool gay with coral beam'd,
The wheels with brighteſt amber gleam'd,
And glitter'd as they roll'd.'

TO OUR READERS.

☞ THE abſence of the Printer has delayed the appearance of this number of the TABLET until the preſent time. We hope this apology will be deemed ſufficient—and having procured an excellent and handſome addition to our former eſtabliſhment of types, we hope to preſent our *little miſcellany* with a fairer external appearance; and by care and induſtry to render it not unworthy the attention and peruſal of our readers.

☞ We think every intelligent reader will be gratified with the ſtory of *La Roche*. It unites ſuch exquiſite pathos, expreſſed in ſo elegant and claſſical a manner, that, although it has obtained extenſive circulation, it will be greeted with a cheerful peruſal.

FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar
  Diſtant down the hollow wind ;
Panting terror fled before,
  Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the ſunken day,
  That check'd his fierce purſuit too ſoon ;
While, ſcarcely lighting to the prey,
  Low hung, and lour'd, the bloody moon.

The Field, ſo late the hero's pride,
  Was now with various carnage ſpread ;
And floated with a crimſon tide,
  That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the ſad ſcene of drearieſt view,
  Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic ſtep *Maria* flew,
  Maria, Sorrow's early child ;

By duty led, for every vein
  Was warm'd by Hymen's pureſt flame :
With *Edgar* o'er the wintry main
  She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well ſhe thought a friend ſo dear
  In darkeſt hours might joy impart ;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
  Or ſoothe her bleeding warrior's ſmart.

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,
  (The torrent burſting from her eye)
She heard the ſignal for the fight—
  While her ſoul trembled in a ſigh—

She heard, and claſp'd him to her breaſt,
  Yet ſcarce could urge th' inglorious ſtay;
His manly heart the charm confeſt—
  Then broke the charm,—and ruſh'd away.

Too ſoon in few—but deadly words,
  Some flying ſtraggler breath'd to tell,
That, in the foremoſt ſtrife of ſwords,
  The young, the gallant *Edgar* fell.

She preſt to hear—ſhe caught the tale—
  At every ſound her blood congeal'd ;—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
  She ſprung to ſearch the fatal field.

O'er the ſad ſcene in dire amaze
  She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpſe ſhe caſt her gaze—
  And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguiſh urged her to preſs
  Full many a hand, as wild ſhe mourn'd ;
—Of comfort glad, the drear careſs
  The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghaſtly hope was well nigh fled—
  When late pale *Edgar's* form ſhe found,
Half-bury'd with the hoſtile dead,
  And bor'd with many a griſly wound.

She knew, ſhe ſunk, the night bird ſcream'd,
  The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the Fair,—tho' fall'n ſhe ſeem'd—
  To worſe than death—and deepeſt night.

PENROSE.

STANZAS

Written after ſucceſſive nights of MELANCHOLY DREAMS.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

YE airy PHANTOMS, by whoſe pow'r
  Night's curtains ſpread a deeper ſhade ;
Who, prowling in the murky hour,
  The weary ſenſe with ſpells invade ;
Why round the fibres of my brain,
  Such deſolating miſeries fling,
And, with new ſcenes of mental pain,
Chaſe from my languid eye, ſleep's balm-diſpenſing wing ?

Ah ! why, when o'er the darken'd globe
  All NATURE's children ſink to reſt—
Why, wrapp'd in horror's ghaſtly robe,
  With ſhad'wy hand aſſail my breaſt ?
Why conjure up a tribe forlorn,
  To menace, where I bend my way ?
Why round my pillar plant the thorn,
Or fix the DEMONS dire, in terrible array ?

Why, when the buſy day is o'er—
  A day, perhaps, of *tender thought*—
Why bid my eager gaze explore
  New proſpects, with new anguiſh fraught ?
Why bid my madd'ning ſenſe deſcry
  The FORM, in ſilence I adore !
His magic ſmile ! his murd'rous eye !
Then bid me wake to prove the fond illuſion o'er !

When, fev'riſh with the throbs of pain,
  And bath'd with many a trickling tear,
I cloſe my cheated eyes again,
  DESPAIR's wild bands are hov'ring near ;
Now borne upon the yelling blaſt,
  O'er craggy PEAKS I bend my flight ;
Now, on the yawning OCEAN caſt,
I plunge unfathom'd depths, amid the ſhades of night !

Or, borne upon the billow's IRE,
  O'er the vaſt waſte of waters drear,
Where ſhipwreck'd Mariners expire,
  No friend their dying plaints to hear,
I view far off the craggy cliff,
  Whoſe white top mingles with the ſkies ;
While, at its baſe, the ſhatter'd SKIFF,
Waſh'd by the foaming wave, in many a fragment lies.

Oft, when the Morning's gaudy beams
  My lattice gild with ſparkling light,
O'erwhelm'd with agonizing dreams,
  And bound in ſpells of *fancied night*,
I ſtart, convulſive, wild, diſtraught !
  By ſome pale *murd'rer's* poignard preſs'd,
Or by the grinning *phantom* caught,
Wake from the madd'ning graſp with horror-freezing breaſt !

Then, down my cold and pallid cheek,
  The mingling tears of joy and grief,
The ſoul's tumultuous feelings ſpeak,
  And yield the ſtruggling heart relief ;
I ſmile to know the danger paſt !
  But ſoon the radiant moment flies ;
Soon is the tranſient day o'ercaſt,
And hope ſteals trembling from my languid eyes !

If thus, for moments of repoſe,
  Whole hours of miſ'ry I muſt know ;
If, when each ſunny day ſhall cloſe,
  I muſt each gleam of peace forego !
If, for one *little morn* of *mirth*,
  This breaſt muſt feel long nights of pain ;
Oh ! Life, thy joys are nothing worth ;
Then let me ſink to reſt—*and never wake again !*

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'HAPPY is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can chuſe his company with diſcretion. There is often in vice, a gaiety, an unreſerve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at ſight to engage the unwary : while virtue, on the other hand, is often modeſt, reſerved, diffident, backward, and eaſily diſconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart ; and this aukwardneſs, however unpleaſing, may veil a thouſand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be eaſily either engaged, or diſguſted at firſt ſight. Form your intimacies with reſerve : and if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you diſapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profeſſion of friendſhip. They, whoſe friendſhip is worth accept, are, as you ought to be, reſerved in offering it. Chuſe your companions, not merely for the ſake of a few outward accompliſhments—for the idle pleaſure of ſpending an agreeable hour ; but mark their diſpoſition to virtue or vice ; and, as much as poſſible, chuſe theſe for your companions, whom you ſee others reſpect : always remembering, that upon the choice of your company depends, in a great meaſure, the ſucceſs of all you have learned ; the hopes of your friends ; your future characters in life ; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your heart.'

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rolleſt above, round as the ſhield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O Sun ! thy everlaſting light ? Thou comeſt forth, in thy awful beauty ; the ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky ; the moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave. But thou thyſelf moveſt alone : who can be a companion of thy courſe ! The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themſelves decay with years ; the ocean ſhrinks and grows again ; the moon herſelf is loſt in heaven ; but thou art forever the ſame ; rejoicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When the world is dark with tempeſts ; when thunder rolls and lightning flies ; thou lookeſt in thy beauty from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But to *Oſſian*, thou lookeſt in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair floats on the eaſtern clouds, or thou trembleſt at the gates of the weſt. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a ſeaſon ; thy years will have an end. Thou ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, regardleſs of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun ! in the ſtrength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it ſhines through broken clouds, and the miſt is on the hills ; the blaſt of the north is on the plain, the traveller ſhrinks in the midſt of his journey. *Oſſian.*

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